

DEER OF FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.
 E. E. ZOERNICHER will pay particular attention to
 lettering and Repairing old Furs.
 FACTORY, 6 CENTRAL STREET.
 IMPROVEMENT IN
 Champpoing and Hair-Dyeing.
 M^{rs}. ADAM BANNISTER (formerly Madam CA-
 VATRY) would inform her kind and liberal pa-
 trons and the public that she has removed to 323
 Washington st., and 20 West st.; where will be found
 her Restorative, the most celebrated in the world, as
 prevents hair from turning gray, and produces new
 in all diseases of the scalp. She stands second to

For the Liberator.

BROWN AND GARIBALDI.

We praise thee, Garibaldi!
And in the roll of fame,
Among her noblest heroes,
Shall Europe place thy name.

Among them—far above them—
Thou dost not fight for gain,
For crown, or lands, or titles,
Or empty glory vain.

The arm that frees thy country,
Italia's noblest son,
Has over all earth's tyrants
A lasting conquest won.

We honor thee, true hero,
More than great names of old;
Those Greek and Roman warriors,
Whose tales so oft are told.

We honor the true patriot,
Who frees his native land;
We honor all ye brave ones,
Who tyranny withstand.

We watch you progress, eager,
As victory marks your way;
And read how town, fort, city,
Yield to you day by day.

For the hands that help one people
Their freedom to regain,
Will aid to break those fetters
That the poor slave detain.

And that glorious Western hero,
With the glory, bleeding heart,
Though slavery killed the body,
Yet his spirit is not dead!

And Brown, and Garibaldi,
The champions of this age,
Who led the van of Freedom,
Shall brighten History's page.

For sure as sin is mortal,
Must wicked slavery die,
And Freedom smile for ever
On the earth of the Most High.

Tenterden (England.) JANE ASHBY.

For the Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BY AUGUSTINE CALDWELL.

'United we stand, divided we fall.'

Ah, well! let us fall, if that is the fate
Of turning from those whose actions we hate;
Far better it is to roll in the dust,
Than to place in a union of slave States our trust.

A poor, blighted grove they are at the best;
A vale of dry bones, a region unblest;
Delightful, indeed, to have such an arm
To shield us in danger, and shelter in harm!

No Union, our motto—no grasping the hand
Of mercenary tyrants, the scourge of the land;
To our friendship and love they forfeit their claim,
And why cherish those who tarnish our name?

No Union with Slaveholders!—we boast to be
Free,
Then let us, indeed, as we boast truly be!
But, while linked with them, for the Right who can
speak?

Or lend, without peril, a hand to the weak?
No Union with Slaveholders!—we hate the black
name;
Let us cleanse our skirts quickly from taint and
shame;

A land pure and free let us show to the world,
Over which the bright banner of Love is unfurled.
Salem, Oct. 31, 1860.

A UTUMN

Now sheaves are slanted to the sun
Amid the golden meadows,
And little sun-tanned gleaners run
To cool them in their shadows;
The reaper binds the bearded ear,
And gathers in the golden year;
And where the sheaves are glancing,
The farmer's heart is dancing.

There pours a glory on the land,
Flash'd down from Heaven's high portals,
As Labor's hand grasps Beauty's hand
To vow good will to mortals;

The golden year brings Beauty down
To bless her with a marriage crown,
While Labor rises, gleaming
Her blessings and their meaning.

The work is done, the end is near,
Beat, heart, to fate and labor!
For Beauty, wedded to the Year,
Completes herself from Labor;

She dons her marriage gown, and then
She casts them off as gifts to men,
And sunbeam-like, if dimmer,
The fallen jewels glimmer.

There is a gush of joy and love,
Now giving hands have crowned us;
There is a heaven up above,
And a heaven here around us!

And Hope, her prophecies complete,
Creeps up to pray at Beauty's feet,
While with a thousand voices
The perfect Earth rejoices.

When to the Autumn heaven here
Its sister is replying,
'Tis sweet to think our Golden Year
Fulfills itself in dying;

That we shall find, poor things of breath,
Our own soul's loveliness in death,
And leave, when God shall find us,
Our gathered gems behind us.

THE LIBERATOR.

LETTER TO REV. DR. BACON.

REV. LEONARD BACON, D. D.:

DEAR SIR: Your recent Letter to the Editors of the Independent, touching certain alleged misrepresentations of yourself in the Christian Intelligencer, plainly warrants my addressing you through some public medium. I judge so the more, because the alleged misrepresentations are founded upon the refusal, at the late meeting of the American Board, to entertain a proposal which I conceived it was duty to offer, for the appointment of a Committee to inquire and report what further action was necessary, on the part of the Board, in connection with its African missions, to vindicate the honor of Christianity, scandalized by the revival of the execrable slave-trade.

The occasion, I think, presents a legitimate opportunity for me to say certain things, which the cause of truth and humanity—to which we both profess to be devoted—requires to be honestly spoken.

1. And first, let me say, that the part which I took at the late meeting of the Board, in endeavoring to procure from its grave and influential body, a suitable pronouncement in regard to the slave-trade, was deliberately and prayerfully weighed, but not finally determined upon, until I saw clearly that no one else would move in the matter. I am sorry to have to admit, that in the presence of the corporate Board, there seems to be a great fear and reluctance to the introducing of any agitating or unpopular subject; and it requires, therefore, more courage and self-reliance, I trust, than say more self-forgetting confidence in truth, rather than say we are blessed with, to stem the tide of displeasure, and the danger of being put down with sneers as an incontinent agitator, in venturing such an attempt.

I was hoping that the Prudential Committee of the Board, after the evidence they had last year at Philadelphia, how some of the members felt on this subject, and after the explicit testimony furnished this year* by our African missionaries, as to the disastrous effects of an evil, which, they say, 'is doing more to counteract our labors, and hinder the Christianization of Africa, than all others combined, the evil of slavery and the slave-trade,'—I was naturally hoping that the Prudential Committee would present a carefully considered special paper on this subject, which, being adopted by the Board, should go forth as the indignant but grave protest of Missionary Christianity against the vilest traffic ever engaged in by any people, civilized or savage.

At least, I said to myself, one of the Corporate Fathers of the Board, in order to give expression to 'some of those emphatic utterances on the subject of Liberty, of which the word *Jubilee* is so suggestive,' will be likely to offer something worthy of the churches that support the Board, in which all can unite as expressing the voice of a Christian People, outraged by the impunity afforded to such an execrable traffic in ships launched, fitted and furnished for their worse than pirate voyages, in our own American waters.

But in this rational conjecture, I was disappointed. And on the morning of the third day, finding that nothing was forthcoming through any official channel, I obtained the ear of the President, and stated that I had a brief paper of inquiry and suggestion, on the part of some of the churches and ministers that wanted the information, and had no other way of getting it, which I would accordingly read.

Here at once I was interrupted, and not allowed either to state the point of inquiry, which would have taken but a minute, and which might then have been referred, according to order, to the suitable Committee. Baffled, however, in this, I laid my paper of inquiry and suggestion before the Business Committee, with the request that it might be brought up in order, before the Board. That Committee, after consultation, submitted the paper to the Committee on the African Missions, which latter Committee reported in the evening without any allusion to my inquiry, or to the slave-trade, or slavery.

Not thus to be frustrated in my honest purpose of having something submitted to the Board touching the slave-trade, immediately upon the silencing of the person (Dr. T. P. Knox of Boston) whom you call 'a brawler,' by your asking for a police-man, and while the question before the House was upon the adoption of the Report just made, I gained the floor, and moved as an amendment to that Report,—in strict accordance with all previous usages of the Board, and with universal parliamentary order,—the following recommendation, viz: That the Secretaries be requested to inform the Board in regard to the disposal made of the Memorial to Congress upon the subject of the African slave-trade, which was referred to the Prudential Committee at the last meeting in Philadelphia, with instructions to take such action as, in their judgment, its relations to their work, as a Board of Missions, shall seem to demand; and that a Special Committee of three be appointed by the Board to consider and report to this meeting what further action is necessary, on the part of this Board, to vindicate the honor of Christianity scandalized by the revival of the execrable slave-trade as a feeder of slavery.

I was proceeding in order with a few remarks in support of this amendment, when I was interrupted at the instance of several gentlemen on the platform, and finally it was ruled by the President that I was out of order, on the ground that speaking to such an amendment to the Report of a Committee could not be in order. Dr. Anderson, however, at the suggestion of Mr. Child, read from manuscript so much of the Prudential Committee's Report as touched upon the Philadelphia slave-trade Memorial; upon which, I stated that it would have been more satisfactory had the information been given before, and that I would now take occasion to offer this Resolution; that a Committee of three be appointed by the Board to inquire and report what further action, if any, he called for, on the part of this Board, to vindicate the honor of Christianity as involved in the African slave-trade.

In your letter to the Editors of the Independent, you say: 'It is true that the Rev. Henry T. Cheever did not succeed in getting up a debate. I cannot recollect his various attempts, nor how they were disposed of, though in one instance I had a doubt whether he was treated wisely, or indeed with perfect fairness.'

Now, my brother, I respectfully submit, if you had a doubt in this instance whether I was treated with perfect fairness, why not give me and the slave the benefit of that doubt? He and I—and the credit of the Board no less—greatly needed such a benefit then, with none seemingly to back us, and I not allowed to utter the brief reasons which I had to give, why the wise men from the East in the Board, and the wise men from the West should calmly inquire—and report what further action should be adopted by the Board to vindicate the tarnished honor of American Christianity.

It was in your power at that juncture, by a very few words in favor of my proposition, to have procured the appointment of such a Committee, that might have saved the honor of the Board, and have reflected to your credit for consistency. Surely, then, it would have been but magnanimous and wise in you to have expressed your doubt of the wisdom and fairness of the treatment given to my proposal.

At least you might have said—Mr. President and Brethren, discussion here must be free. This is no place for the gag-law, nor is the Jubilee the time for it. If the brother wishes to ventilate his abhorrence of the slave-trade on this platform, it is in order when he has the floor upon a lawful amendment or Resolution. He will not aid him in getting up a debate here, for I don't agree with him as to its expediency; but if he has a burden, let him deliver himself.

Much less time would have been consumed by allowing me to give my brief reasons for raising such a Committee, than was spent in 'choking them off'; and both yourself and I, and all the Board, would have felt better; and the worthy English brother from Montreal, John Douglass, Esq., would not have had to say to me, sorrowing, as he did upon the adjournment that evening, 'Sir, I wish to shake hands with you, and say, how different a reception your resolution would have met before the London Missionary Society.'

2. A word now as to the meeting of the Board on Friday morning, in regard to which you say, that having left the house, 'I have no personal knowledge of what was said and done by Mr. Wolcott. I only know, that if he called Mr. Henry T. Cheever to order, it was not because he was unwilling that the Board should express an opinion on slavery or the slave-trade, but because he honestly believed that Mr. Cheever was out of order, and that a disorderly speech or motion would answer no good purpose.'

Here is an implication that, in the opinion of Mr. Cheever, and of yourself also, I was making a disorderly speech or motion. What, then, were the facts in the case? They are these: Friday, Mr. Wolcott in attendance upon the Board, and taking it for granted that a member of the General Association of Illinois—which had sent up a strong Resolution to the Board upon 'the divorce of slaveholding from Christianity in the Churches of the Cherokee nation'—he would be foremost in calling for what that resolution urges, viz: a free declaration of principles against slavery, as a testimony of the Board to that great Cause which now involves the deepest interests of humanity.—I sought that brother on Thursday, and asked if he should not take occasion, in connection with the Report on the Cherokee Mission, to make an emphatic utterance on the subject of Liberty.

* See Mr. Bushnell's letter of date May 10, 1860, Gibson, West Africa, in the *Traveller*, Boston.

To my surprise he said, that the acceptance, by the Cherokee Missionaries of the Goodwheat Declaration on Slavery, was so far satisfactory that he did not see the propriety of urging a new declaration of principles on that subject at this time. My reply was, that we ought to seize any lawful occasion to procure a testimony from the Board against slaveholding, and that I hoped he, as used to platform-speaking, would lead off in such an attempt when the Cherokee Mission should come up.

When the Report on that Mission was presented on the morning of Friday, Mr. Wolcott inquired if the Resolutions of the General Association of Illinois had been read to the Board. When it was replied that they had been before the Committee, but had not been read to the Board, I at once moved that they be read, supposing that Mr. Wolcott would address the Board in elucidation of the motives and views of the Association as set forth in the last of those Resolutions, and would urge what you say, 'I happen to know he was desirous to obtain from the Board, in connection with a discontinuance of the Cherokee Mission, a new declaration of hostility to slavery.'

The Resolutions were read, but Mr. Wolcott said nothing, and the Minute of the Committee was adopted, which declared 'the requests of the General Association of Illinois satisfactorily answered, and that no further action of the Board was deemed necessary.' It was then that I seized, what I saw would be the last opportunity, to rise to a point of order, and to a personal explanation. I reviewed the ruling of the previous day, stated briefly the facts in regard to my baffled attempts to offer an amendment to a Report before the Board, and then inquired how it would be possible, if such ruling prevailed, for any member not on the Prudential Committee, or not entrusted with something by the Prudential Committee, to be ever so in order as to be able to submit any proposition to the consideration of the Board.

Just then, while the floor was mine, and I was submitting to the Chair, for a new decision, the point of order which I had been silenced the day before, Mr. Wolcott interrupted me, and made a speech to prove that I was out of order, although speaking to a point of order, and by way of personal explanation, which, by universal parliamentary usage, is always in order. Stopped thus, and deprived of the floor, I could not get it again for that meeting, already near its close, without the appearance of just such rudeness as that by which I had been interrupted, and so the point of order went by.

3. I come now, my brother, to what I suppose to be the real reason for the refusal of the Board to entertain my last proposition for the appointment of a Committee to inquire and report at the next annual meeting what more can be done by the Board to vindicate the honor of Christianity, as concerned in the American revival of the African slave trade. The true reason, I apprehend, lies in what was intimated to me, by one of the officers of the Corporation, viz: an unwillingness to allow the American Board to become abolitionized.

Had the action proposed originated with a conservative member of the Board, or had yourself, for instance, proposed the same thing in the same phraseology, the Committee of Inquiry would have been quickly granted, and all but a few fossilized respectabilities would have thanked God that a step had been taken by the American Board, at its great Jubilee in the City of the Pilgrims, in the right direction.

But now, deprecate it as you may, the refusal at this meeting to issue a remonstrance against the reviving slave-trade, is construed by the country just as the similar refusal of the Diocesan Convention of New York is construed, as moral cowardice, a virtual betrayal of the interests of humanity, and a shameful shrinking from Christian duty.

And what now—but, thanks be to God, the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency by the people—is to prevent the South from arguing, if there be such a reluctance to pronounce upon the African slave-trade by a great Missionary Body that meets, in that same slave-trade, its most formidable obstacle to the Christianization of Africa, and that, also, by general consent, embodies in itself the current Christianity of the nation, then we may safely advocate the re-opening of this trade, and may demand that it be made legitimate, and freed from all its present disabilities.

The Thirty-Seventh Annual Report of the Auxiliary Foreign Missionary Society of Brookfield, Mass., pertinently says, 'We cannot but express our profound sorrow that the Board themselves, while calling their fiftieth anniversary a Jubilee, and thus availing themselves of the charm of that name, during all their recent sessions persistently ignored the spirit of Liberty, from which the charm of that name is derived.'

Mrs. Stowe has fairly put the case when she says, in the same number of the Independent that contains your letter, 'When a great moral question is made a test-question before the public mind, or a great evil is threatening to spread in a community, and any body of men, professing eminently to be the representative men of Christianity, decline publicly and clearly to express any opinion about it, this want of action is immediately received by the powers of evil as the strongest affirmation.'

I should like to say much more upon this subject, and to speak of your own attitude towards Abolitionism, and to show how yourself and other brethren have been inevitably put into false positions, by your hostility to being Abolitionists, viz: that all slavery, as Dr. Symington of Glasgow has lately put it, is 'a stain, that slaveholding is sin in itself, a wrong, and a crime, and ought, therefore, like every other sin, to be desisted from at once.'

There is always power in a wrong principle, or in an assumed attitude of antagonism to a right principle, to carry those who hold it further than they intended, and to keep them in positions which they would fain disavow. While, on the other hand, there is equal power in a right principle, held persistently, to elevate and advance to positions in morals and religion which once would not have been deemed attainable. Marked instances of this are not wanting in our day, in the case of Political Parties, Societies, and Individuals.

God and truth only are absolutely unchangeable. But it is for us to live and learn, and to be constantly changing by progress, and by growing into the habit of being of the same mind with God. Let us, my brother, and let the great Missionary Society which we both love for the services it has rendered in the cause of God and humanity, bear in mind the principle so happily expressed by Father Keep in his late paper of Reminiscences, that DUTY DOES GUIDE THE FUTURE; and that the safety of the Board for the future lies, under God, in faithfully carrying out the sentiments of the People, from whom the Board sprang.

And I will say, in closing a letter which I could wish might have been made shorter, let me be warned by the late pregnant saying of the present masterly statesman of United Italy, (Count Cavour), 'THERE IS IN THE NATURE OF EVENTS A LOGIC WHICH TRUMPHS OVER THE STOUTEST WILL, AND AGAINST WHICH THE BEST INTENTIONS ARE POWERLESS.'

Your co-laborer in the Gospel, and in the cause of Humanity,
HENRY T. CHEEVER.

Jewett City, Ct., Nov. 8, 1860.

* S. Resolved, That we regard it as demanded alike by the Gospel and humanity, and an object of intense desire, in view of the existing state of the national mind, the demand and associations of the approaching Jubilee, and the highest influence and success of the Board, that the divorce of slaveholding from Christianity be completed at once in the churches of the Cherokee nation, and that a free declaration of principles against slavery be sent forth to the world, as the testimony of the Board to that great Cause which now involves the deepest interests of humanity.

LIBERTY OR DEATH?—ESCAPE OF THE FUGITIVE.—A THRILLING SKETCH.

We give another extract from the new Anti-Slavery novel, entitled 'Harrington,' just published by Thayer & Eldridge, Boston. Antony, a slave, having been unmercifully scourged by his owner, resolved on having 'liberty or death,' and accordingly fled into an adjacent swamp. After many perilous adventures—

Rushing on, haggard with apprehension and desperate resolution, with his teeth set, his large nostrils dilated, and his glaring eyes roving warily about him, he came to a plantation divided from the one he was on by a hedge of the orange-orange, and with a similar hedge skirting the road. To break through this would be difficult, so he took the road and ran on, with the fresh wind of the coming morning blowing upon him, and increasing his fear with the thought of the new dangers the daybreak would bring. It was a large plantation, and it took him some time to arrive at its terminus, at which a road diverged from the one on which he was journeying. He reached this road, and there, clad in shabby light clothes, and coming down the path, not three yards distant from him, was a man!

Antony swung up his club, and stood with open nostrils and glaring eyes, his black face alive with fierce courage. The man halted, and looked at him with a sullen scowl. In the blank pause, all life seemed to have died from the air, and the moon lay faded in a vacant sky, agitated and gray in the pale light of the morning. The man was a large, gaunt fellow, with a harsh and sallow face, and a pair of dark, half-demented eyes of the fugitive, he dimly seemed a devil, and the place was still vaguely hell.

'See here, nigger,' he said, in a stern, strident voice, 'you're a runaway. There's your name as owns your coat and trousers, and I know you saw him start Orleans, want you? I'm going down in the next boat, and you comin' with me, right away, and no fuss. What you say, nigger?'

He drew a revolver from his breast, and held it idly, watching the fugitive with a scowl. Some thickened through the mind of Antony. Here was a chance to get safely down the river—beyond, a chance to give his captor the slip when he reached the river. He flung his club away.

'I'll go with you, Master,' he said, sullenly. The man put up his pistol.

'What's your name, boy?' he asked.

'Bill, Master.'

'Bill, eh? You're the Fugitive Slave Bill, I suppose,' said the man, with a dull grin.

'Yes, Master.'

Well, Bill, I collect bills for a livin', and I reckon on your cap'n, yessir. Bill, I'll collect something on yer, too. Come along.'

Antony followed him. Not a word further was said on either side. Meanwhile, around them the pallor of the sky lightened into daybreak: horns sounded over the plantations; the black gangs were hurrying forth into the fields on every side; the birds darted and sang; the fragrant wind blew freshly from the east, and the life of day began anew.

He emerged presently from his plunge, amidst a shower of fiery drench, with the lifting surges all aglare around him, and struck boldly forward for the levee, seeing at a glance the burning mass drift behind him, and all the illuminated ships at the piers and in the stream suddenly alive with shouting figures. Turning for an instant, and treading water, he saw the boat clanking backward, with her black gang rising from a leaping and coiling mountain of smoke and flame, her passengers all huddled forward in a dense, shrieking mass, black against the fiery glow, and figures jumping into the water, which was already dotted with dark, swimming forms, and looked like a turbulent sea, lit up from the spectre of a burning boat below its surface. Among the swimming figures there was, perhaps, not one but was his enemy—not one who would not hale him back to the bondage from which he was struggling away. Turning again, he saw the boat clanking backward, with her black gang rising from a leaping and coiling mountain of smoke and flame, her passengers all huddled forward in a dense, shrieking mass, black against the fiery glow, and figures jumping into the water, which was already dotted with dark, swimming forms, and looked like a turbulent sea, lit up from the spectre of a burning boat below its surface. Among the swimming figures there was, perhaps, not one but was his enemy—not one who would not hale him back to the bondage from which he was struggling away. Turning again, he saw the boat clanking backward, with her black gang rising from a leaping and coiling mountain of smoke and flame, her passengers all huddled forward in a dense, shrieking mass, black against the fiery glow, and figures jumping into the water, which was already dotted with dark, swimming forms, and looked like a turbulent sea, lit up from the spectre of a burning boat below its surface. 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